King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King. Becauſe that like a Iacke thou keepſt the ſtroke,
Betwixt thy begging, and my meditation:
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
Kin. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Ex.*
Buc. Is it euen ſo, rewards he my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on *Haſtings*, and be gone
To *Brecknocke*, while my fearefull head is on.

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyranous and bloody deed is done,
The moſt arch act of pitious maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guilty of,
Dighton and *Forreſt* whom I did ſubborne,
To doe this ruthfull piece of butchery,
Although they were fleſht villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and compaſſion,
wept like two children in their deaths ſad ſtories:
Lo thus quoth *Dighton* lay theſe tender babes,
Thus, thus, quoth *Forreſt* girding one another
Within their innocent alabaſter armes,
Their lips like foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
When in there ſummer beauty kiſt each other,
A booke of prayer on their pillow lay,
Which once quoth *Forreſt* almoſt changd my mind,
But O the diuell! there the villaine ſtopt,
Whilſt *Dighton* thus told, one we ſmothered,
The moſt repleniſht ſweet worke of nature
That from the prime Creation euer he framd,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To bring theſe tidings to the bloody King,

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All haile my ſoueraigne Liege.
King. Kind *Tirrel*, and I happy in thy news?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your happyneſſe, be happy then,
For it is done my Lord.

King. But didſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle *Tirrell*?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried
But how or in what place I do not know.
King. Come to me *Tirrell* ſoone after ſupper,
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good
And be inheritor of thy deſire, *Exit Tirrell*
Farewell till ſoone.
The ſonne of *Clarence* haue I pend vp cloſe,
His daughter meanely haue I matcht in marriage,
The ſons of *Edward* ſleepe in *Abrahams* boſome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid the world goodnigh
Now for I know the Brittaine *Richmond* aimes
At young *Elizabeth*, my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the Crow
To her I goe A iolly thriuing wooer, *Ente*
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good news, or bad, that thou commeſt ſo
Cat. Bad news my Lord, *Ely* is fled to *Richmond*
And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy *Welchmen*
Is in the field, and ſtill his power increaſeth.
King. *Elie* with *Richmond* troubles me more
Then *Buckingham* and his raſh leueld army:
Come I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and ſnaile-pact beggery,
Then fiery expedition be my wings,
Ioue, *Mercury*, and Herald for a King:
Come muſter men, my counſaile is my ſhield,
We muſt be briefe, when traytors braue the field

Enter Queene Margret ſola.

Q. Mar. So now proſperity begins to mello
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in theſe confines ſlily haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduerſaries:
A dire induction am I witneſſe too,
And will to *France*, hoping the conſequence